

The TATLER

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July 4, 1945



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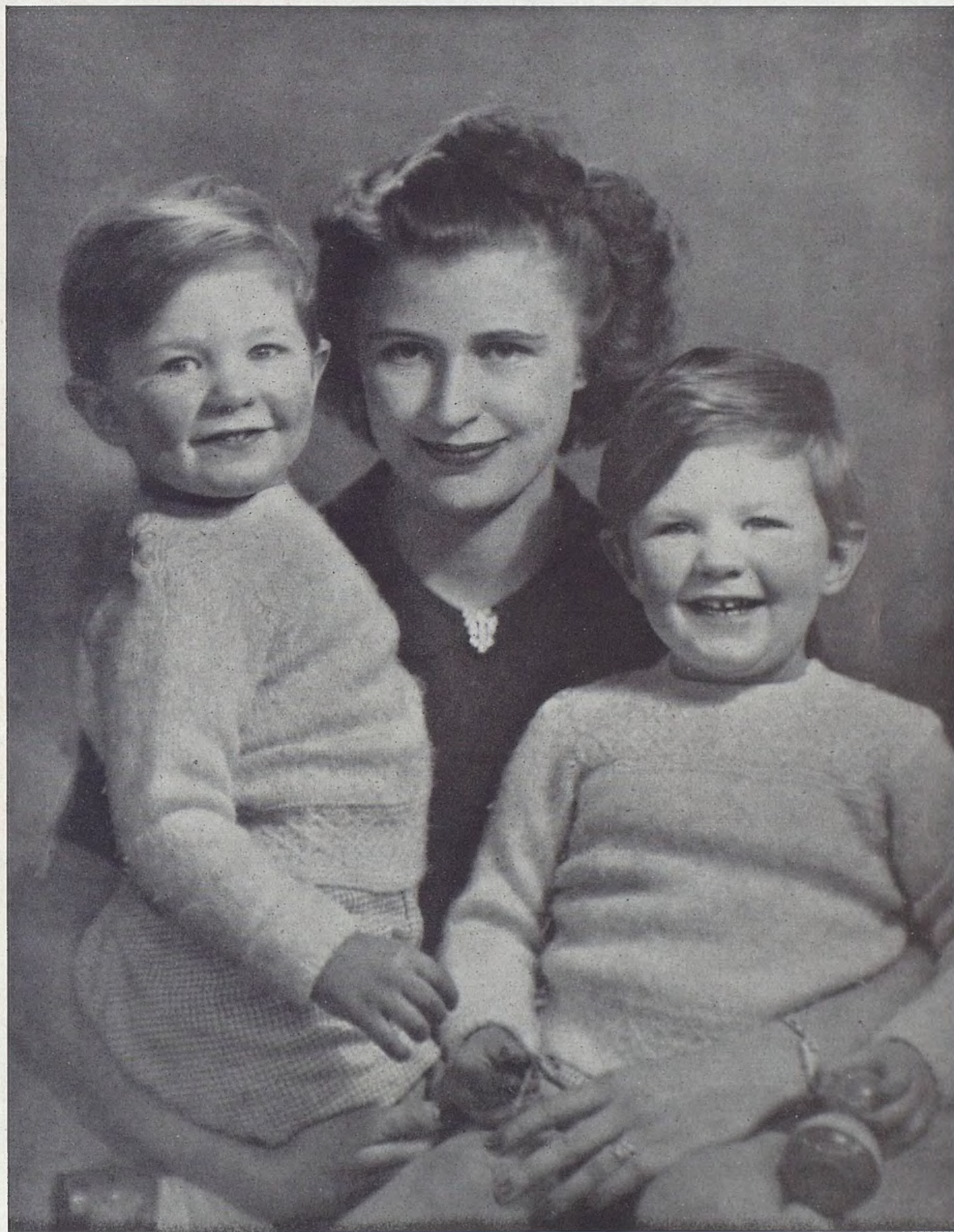
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Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Denison-Pender with Her Twin Sons

The Hon. Mrs. Denison-Pender, who is seen with her two cheerful little boys, James Henry and Michael Richard, is the wife of Major the Hon. Richard Denison-Pender, younger son of Lord Pender and the late Lady Pender. He is at present serving in Italy and has been overseas since the summer of 1942. The Hon. Mrs. Denison-Pender was Miss Louise Rivière, and is the only daughter of the late Mr. Henry Gilbey Rivière, and of Mrs. Rivière. She has lately returned to London from the country, where she has been living since the outbreak of war. Her twin sons made their first public appearance recently as pages at the wedding of the Hon. Patricia White



THE WAY OF THE WORLD

By Simon Harcourt-Smith



Rex Whistler

I AM glad to see the War Office are taking measures to preserve the frescoes with which Rex Whistler would enliven the Army huts to which his soldiering took him, while he was training for his brief and tragic moment of action in Normandy last year. Within its charming limits, his talent was prodigiously fertile. Letters, even to pompous wine-merchants, he would adorn with fantastical designs; before the most unusual situation his pencil hardly faltered.

The last time he came to stay with us, deceptively conventional in his grey Brigade overcoat, passed on from the last war by our present Ambassador in Paris, my wife was recovering from a motor accident, had just reached the crutches stage. Hardly was Rex in the house but he fell to work, designing for her a princely pair, in a somewhat rococo taste, that could of course only have been executed by the workshop of a Chippendale or of a Vile. . . . No doubt, somewhere in the world lie undiscovered friends as endearing, as talented as Rex Whistler. Meanwhile, it is not easy to think of resuming the round of peace without him.

Hitler's Talleyrand

THE eclipse of hostile bogies ends an epoch in our lives. Ribbentrop caught naked in a Hamburg boarding-house is to enjoy the free notoriety of trial. The first time, raw from Oxford, I went to Berlin, there was a universal chant from diplomats in need of pretty women for their tables: "There's always Frau Ribbentrop; far from repulsive. But that husband!" Yet for anyone who saw him when he had hobnobbed with Hitler and wheedled the Mission to this country out of him, he shone; beside the other Party tycoons he seemed almost to possess what the French call "culture generale." Alas! Here we saw only the traveller in doubtful champagne, insulting the King and turning the noble rooms of Carlton House terrace into a drab honeycomb like the second-class on a condemned Nord-deutscher Lloyd. And he exasperated the mildest of us. Maurice Baring voiced universal nausea when he rhymed (I trust I don't misquote him):—

"I really think we've had a drop
Too much of Herr von Ribbentrop!"

That knowing old dowager, the London world, is quick enough to tame young firebrands from Clyde and Tyneside. Why did she not house-train the Ribbentrops? Perhaps because she spares no time for foreigners who don't know people's nick-names beforehand. Anyway, Ribbentrop carried back to Berlin the rancour of a discouraged snob, which I believe brought in the war as much as something else.

Berlin, the Last Winter

I LAST saw Ribbentrop the hard winter of 1938-39, sitting in military state, buttoned within a pompous new green uniform, railing at me in the melodious voice. I escaped through the double baize doors to the wretched "Diplomates de carrière" among whom I still counted cronies. The great man's Private Secretary took his feet off his desk at the sight of me, whisked a bottle out of the cupboard. "It's all decided behind those baize doors," he grumbled. "No work comes my way these days. Have some of this Marsala. It's not to be despised!"

On Sunday we went an outing to Potsdam. We floundered thro' deep snow past naked trees till we came to the back of Sans Souci where the "Big Three" may soon be meeting. Hasso looked for spies behind every tree-trunk. Then we wandered up the steps that mount between the two wings of the terraced conservatory.

Beside my feet the snow had blown away in

places. I looked down through steaming glass on to a neutral world of warm orchids and liquid waterbutts. Sparrows hopped across the white like fullstops before tired eyes.

"It's no good," Hasso said low; "whatever your Chamberlain concedes, there must be war! Ribbentrop wants it, Schacht says we go bust unless—"

Goering's Collection

I AM prepared to swallow almost every story of Goering's complacency in prison. Never before in history, I believe, not even in the case of Casanova, occurred an instance of such Homeric impudence. I went to dinner with him once and the Marshal, glittering like an official pudding, was all sinister dimples. Wasn't I interested in pictures? Well, he'd just picked up a Rubens that conceivably might make me green with envy. He laughed his great boy-scout laugh.

We went into the library. Smart morocco bindings, and one suspected a million uncut pages. Over the English fireplace hung the picture. It was a beauty sure enough. I had always been mad about it, when I visited it in the Dresden Gallery of which for a century it had been a principal ornament. . . .

Abetz

I WONDER whether we have yet caught Abetz, that erudite fraud, and late Ambassador to Pétain? He is the last of the Nazi big potatoes to be accounted for. As President of the Deutsch-Franzoesisch Gesellschaft before the war, he would quote Voltaire by the bucket. Mallarmé, Apollinaire, Cocteau, he kissed the patent leather boots of them all. France, and of course England he added, remembering his company, alone knew what civilization was. Between one man of the world and another, the Germans had always been boors. Their sole hope was to sit at our feet. And even then—one moist eye winked, plump shoulders shrugged, and I recalled Paul Morand's saying: "Ayez peur des allemands quand ils parlent des roses!"

Espèce de Pétain

WE last heard of Abetz just before the capitulation, when he popped up to storm at the captive Pétain till the old ninny could only stammer: "Vous manquez de respect pour un veillard."

And now the dreary farce of the Marshal's trial. Let's only hope the French drag out proceedings till he dies. To sentence him would be an appalling blunder, to let him off a worse.

There is something English in his deification during the early days at Vichy. Rare enough for the French to adulate a stupid general. Yet till 1943 it took a brave man to speak the truth of the old dodderer.

It happened once, however. On an official tour Pétain's train stopped in some forgotten town. The local "Fraternelle des Anciens Combattants" paraded in front of the station. The Marshal tottered out, cheers rose and fell into decent silence. The Marshal had just cleared his throat when a veteran in a bath chair began wildly to wave a crutch. "Moche," came the quavering tones, "moche tu étais de ta jeunesse; moche tu seras toujours!" It was Franchet d'Espèret, only other surviving Marshal of France, and therefore Pétain's sole peer. The stalwart ancient died of old age before France stopped secretly laughing.

Edda Ciano

I SEE the Italian Government are thinking of allowing Edda Ciano to return from exile. I rather liked Ciano, I confess, when he came out to China as Consul-General. He was agreeable enough on a party, the type of slick young Italian one used to see dining with pretty American misses at the Fenice in Venice. But Edda, with the prawn eyes, I could never abide. I was once driven to speak so sharply to her, she climbed a tree and sulled for hours, resisting all the awe-struck appeals of the entire Italian colony in Peking.

When Mussolini made Ciano Ambassador the trouble started. We tried to tease him and Edda into some sort of reason by asking when their



Painted on a Wall: Rex Whistler's Crest of The Welsh Guards

Colonel Sir Alexander Stanier, D.S.O., M.C., Welsh Guards, received from Sir Osbert Sitwell on behalf of the Brighton Corporation, and Mrs. Turner, Rex Whistler's mother, a painting of the crest of the Welsh Guards painted by the late Lt. Rex Whistler. (Above) The Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton, Mrs. Turner, Col. Sir Alexander Stanier, and Sir Osbert Sitwell at the Brighton Art Galleries

Hamlin, Brighton

month-old baby was to be promoted to Counsellor. Neither of them laughed. Henceforward, they must conform to the heroic formula or bust.

Then he became Foreign Minister and their ménage was no more than a polite convention. Hitler furnished a host of lusty young Aryans for Edda—their attentions were to prove the very germ of the Axis—and Ciano must play the tough amorist and arbiter of Europe strutting about in a new uniform he and Farinacci had designed when they had wine in them; or he was the pocket Hercules standing with folded arms at the prow of his speedboat while he ogled the girls on the Lido beach; or he was the flash Foreign Minister at the Palazzo Chigi whom you could hardly see for photographs of cuties on the immense writing table.

Carola at nine, Maria to be quietened in a hasty meeting at nine-thirty, the lovely Angela so worried about her husband in the Lipari Islands. . . . Never did a bloated young man so exult in power and the pleasures it brings. . . . And then the firing-squad ordered by father-in-law. . . . Here is stuff for a tart Webster tragedy, a new "Duchess of Malfi."

West-country Beauties

I WENT into the voluptuous West this weekend to judge a beauty competition at a local "Feet and Gaylor." All the way down I saw deserted American camps; soon their huts would be coming down; and like someone settling back into an arm-chair, the English countryside I knew was beginning to gossip once more about recklessly High Church propensities of some vicar, or the goings-on of the new people at the Gables. That surely is the England to fight for, the village sports, cawing rooks, coco-nut-shies and striped tents.

At our "Feet and Gaylor" the loud-speaker went even madder than tradition demands. A burst of northern-European sounding something like this: "van der oplegende tentoon-stelling van der dringende Kontrol-Commissio van der hochgekugte General Eisenhower—" and then a burring West-country accent: "Na-aw la-adies; darn't be ba-ashful. Ta-ake ya pla-aces fo' th' obstakel ra-ace." Then "Hier spricht die stimme —. I'll be seeing you in all the old familiar— Messieurs dames, si vous voulez bien dégustez . . ."

Georgian Neuroticism

I ALWAYS thought our ancestors were spared our nervous ills. But in the archives of a lovely old house I have just come across the record of a lady who, in 1777, asks her brother for "a very little bit of a hound" for a friend "who wants a lap-dog to live upon bread and butter and tea and bark so delicately that it won't shake one's nerves . . ." I am reminded of the epitaph to a young lady in Dorchester Abbey "who died a victim to excessive sensibility—"



H.R.H. The Princess Royal at Government House, Northern Ireland

H.R.H. the Princess Royal recently inspected units of the ATS, of which she is Controller Commandant, and also detachments of the Women's Legion in Northern Ireland. (Sitting) The Duke of Abercorn, Governor of Northern Ireland, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Abercorn. (Standing) Cdr. Henderson, C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N., Miss Kenyon-Slaney, and Capt. H. de C. Martelli, M.V.O., M.C.



Sailor Painter for Parliament

Lt.-Cdr. Peter Scott, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., who has been adopted as the Conservative candidate for North Wembley, won his D.S.C. with the "little ships," and is well known for his paintings of wild birds. He is the son of Captain Scott, the famous explorer



At Lambeth on Nomination Day

Mr. Duncan Sandys, accompanied by his wife, had just arrived at Lambeth Town Hall to hand in his nomination papers when this picture was taken. He has been Conservative M.P. for the Norwood Division of Lambeth since 1935



Two Russians Toast a Scotsman

Maj.-Gen. Barber, D.S.O., G.O.C. of the 15th Scottish Division, entertained Russian Generals to luncheon at his H.Q. near Schwerin, and afterwards to a display of Scottish dancing and pipe bands, which were thoroughly enjoyed by our allies. Maj.-Gen. Barber is seen on the terrace with General Lashenko (left) and Lt.-Gen. Polyanoff, who are raising their glasses in a toast



Five V.C.s: A Very Gallant Company

Five men were decorated with the V.C. at the recent Investiture. They were Lieut. Basil Place, R.N., who successfully attacked the Tirpitz in a Midget Submarine, Lt.-Cdr. Stephen Beattie, a hero of St. Nazaire, Maj. F. Tilsten (seated), Essex Scottish, of the Rochwald Forest, L/Cpl. H. Nicholls, of the Scheldt Crossing, and Lieut. D. Cameron, R.N.R., Midget Submarines

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Hail, Columbia!

By James Agate

THE Publicity Department of Columbia Pictures sends me a most interesting note:—

Believing that the famine in stories now being experienced by both film companies and publishers alike is due to the rising generation of writers having been too busy of late to drop the Sten for the pen, Columbia Pictures, Harpaps, and the Crowell Coy., of New York, are starting a big contest—now that the war in Europe is over—to find hidden literary talent in the Services. The prize put up by the three companies is £1,500.

Columbia are putting up further prize-money to a limit of £15,000 for the film rights, and, in addition, the publishers will pay equitable royalties on British and American editions.

There is plenty of scope; they don't insist on fiction, though it is preferred, and a good novel which won't film may be published by Harpaps and the Crowell Company, while a poorly-written literary effort containing the germ of a good screen idea might be bought for filming. Every MS will be read by the publishers concerned as well as the Story Departments of Columbia Pictures both in London and New York.

THIS is a fascinating idea. Alas, the cynic in me suggests that the famine is not in good stories but in mush. There are any number of magnificent stories waiting to be filmed. Let me ask Columbia one or two pertinent questions. Has anybody at its Story Department gone through Scott's Waverley Novels with a comb? What about *The Heart of Midlothian* and Jeannie and Effie Deans? Has any one in that Department looked at George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, with its Hettie Sorrel? What about Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*? Has anybody troubled to discover whether films could or could not be made out of Marryatt's *Peter Simple*, Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* Stevenson's *The Wreckers*, or Conrad's *Lord Jim*? What about Wells's *Mr. Polly*? I can think of dozens of modern novels which would film. The trouble, of course, is the incurable mania of all film companies for doing to any story what the makers of *Hangover Square* did to that little masterpiece. For which I do not propose ever to forgive the film industry.

THEN what about thrillers? What about that remarkable play *People Like Us*, which Frank Vosper made out of the Thompson and Bywaters case? What about *Belle View*, the exciting play Francis James made out of the Rattenbury case? What about Winifred Duke's excellent novel *Skin for Skin*, made out of the Wallace case? Or has the Story Department of Columbia never heard of William Herbert Wallace? The medical evidence showed that the wretched woman received six biffs and five bangs, eleven in all, on the cranium and delivered from behind, apparently with the time-honoured blunt instrument. Who was the murderer? Could it have been what Damon Runyon would call Mrs. Wallace's ever-loving husband? Perhaps "ever-loving" gives us a clue. Winifred Duke suggests that the husband, whom she calls Bruce, murdered his wife for the reason that he just couldn't stand living with her any longer. The Wallace case was a highly-professional affair. It was planned with extreme care and extraordinary imagination. Either the murderer was Wallace or it wasn't.

If it wasn't, then here at last is the perfect murder. If it was, then here is a murder so nearly perfect that the Court of Criminal Appeal, after examining the evidence, decided to quash Wallace's conviction. He died in 1933. There was great competition among the more excitable newspapers for the statement it was presumed Wallace would make on his release. The *Empire News* won. At least, it was in that paper's motor-car that he drove away from the Court of Criminal Appeal. And at once fell asleep. The special reporter kept a sharp ear for any words that might fall. "She was bending down," he heard the sleeping man murmur. And then Wallace woke up.

BUT Hollywood doesn't need to come all the way to England to secure a good story. What about Edward Anderson's *Thieves Like Us*, that superb tale of American gangsters as they really are? While the newspapers are busy writing up this book's precious trio as bragging luxurious fellows having a high time at society's expense, the reader is allowed to see them for what they are—a set of gibbering, sub-normal rats snatching a moment's delirium out of the jaws of dejection and despair. This story is the epic of the rat-trap, told from the point of view of the rat. I can just see Alan Ladd—George Raft in his acting days would have been better—as the tough who has to decide between letting his girl die in childbirth and calling in a doctor, which must mean giving himself away. Can't Columbia see this too? Any film critic knows dozens of novels and plays which would film admirably. The reason he does not convey these to the film companies? There are two reasons. First, nobody offers £1,500; Second, they would have stopped listening before he was half way through his first sentence.

WHAT a genius the films have for sticking both feet into it! The other day I dragged myself unwillingly to the cinema, having little or no desire to see a picture about Flammarion, the famous French astronomer who died in 1925. I also wondered why the makers couldn't spell the name correctly. And then I found that *The Great Flammarion* (Gau-mont) had nothing to do with the stars beyond giving a leading film star the most prominent part. The film was all about a music-hall performer who did trick shots with a revolver, and was in love with his female assistant, who was married to the male stooge, but pretended to be in love with the sharpshooter so that she might remain in the bill in which a handsome trick-cyclist also figured. Bosh? Yes, of course. And super-bosh at that! But it was all so magnificently acted by Erich von Stroheim and Dan Duryea that I was held by to the point of not knowing whether there was any incidental music or not. I hereby set it down in earnest that when it comes to acting I would rather see the back of von Stroheim's ugly neck than look at the niminy-piminy, semolina countenance of Hollywood's most glamorous nitwit. My friend and colleague, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, is accustomed to allude to the human face as a "pan." I can only say that, compared with that neck, the face of the average film star is about as expressive as a pan whose bottom has dropped out.



I'll Be Your Sweetheart is a story of rivalry between two young publishers (Peter Graves and Michael Rennie) who inadvertently both publish the same song hit, and also love the same girl (Margaret Lockwood) who sings it. (Above) Vic Oliver as the song composer, Margaret Lockwood and Michael Rennie



A Man Called Sullivan portrays the life of a famous boxer of the 'nineties, John L. Sullivan, played by Greg McClure. (Above) He is seen with his childhood sweetheart (Barbara Britton) whom he loves all his life. (Below) With his wife Ann (Linda Darnell), who was a famous musical comedy actress



Henson Threatens to Burst Into Ballad



Hermione Displays Her Charms as a Very Prudish Nude

Fun and Frolic

Leslie Henson and Hermione Baddeley
Lead "The Gaieties" at the Saville

● "The Gaieties" lives up to its name; it is sparkling entertainment, slick, sophisticated, funny. With two such great comedians as Hermione Baddeley and Leslie Henson, it gets away with a flying start and rollicks home in fine form. The romantic dancing of Prudence Hyman and Walter Crisham, the clipped charm of Avril Angers, the sentimental moments of Terence Delany and the girls all contribute to a grand evening's entertainment

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Interval for Romance: Prudence Hyman and Walter Crisham



Three Little Wrens: Decima Knight, Avril Angers, Joan Alexis



"Tomorrow the Lunts": Henson, Crisham, Baddeley

The Theatre

"Chicken Every Sunday" (Savoy)

It is a sobering reflection for those who make light of national differences that the airiest trifles when put to the test are found to have their roots deep in the soil of a particular country. We all know that while on one side of the English Channel Racine is despised and Shakespeare worshipped, on the other Shakespeare is tolerated and Racine adored, but here the bedevilling hoof of the high-born may be suspected. It is more perplexing that a joke which convulses the London Stock Exchange should fall absolutely flat in Wall Street, and that such a simple farce as Mr. Julius J. and Mr. Philip G. Epstein have made out of Miss Rosemary Taylor's book, *Chicken Every Sunday*, should need American actors to interpret it to an English audience.

For there can be little doubt that laughter at the Savoy would be louder and more continuous if an American company were doing the honours of the Blachman boarding house in Arizona. It isn't really a boarding house at all. It is the home of Jim Blachman, who is president of a railroad, vice-president of a bank and lord and master of a laundry, but his wife takes in boarders because she cannot see where else money for the housekeeping expenses is to come from. No doubt an American actor would make enormous fun of this burlesque of Big Business. All the comic pointers are there, the grandiose pretensions, the deflating incidents, the ridiculous optimism that rolls grandly over imaginary problems and collapses at a touch of fact. Blachman is always in hot water with his deeply affectionate wife, who pretends for his good to be a jealous scold. Given his head he would, as she well knows, soon be as embarrassingly involved with his lady boarders as with his creditors.

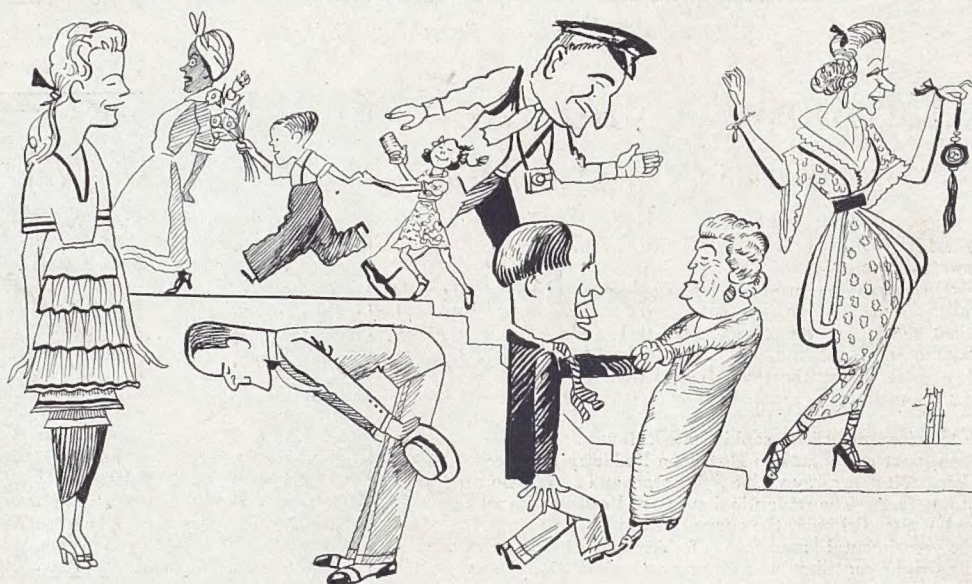
His only refuge from her reproaches is the presence of the children, and in a crisis he will get them out of bed to protect him. "Not in front of the children," he pleads; and usually it works. Now what does Mr. Frank Leighton make of this central figure? Little more than an amiable fool. Yet he seems all the while to be acting very well. His Blachman is unstable, impulsive, timorous and sanguine, intermittently sure of restoring his fortunes by one big stroke of business; but he is not comic.

MISS ANGELA BADDELEY's performance as the wife, even more accomplished than Mr. Leighton's, seems to be equally wide of the mark. A good woman struggling with adversity, she seems to be the wrong kind of good

woman for this particular play, and Mr. W. G. Fay, the shockingly outspoken old man, seems to have nothing to be outspoken about. Perhaps some of his blazing indiscretions were considered to be altogether too fiery for the English stage; certainly Mr. Fay's performance has a tantalizing suggestion of the blue pencil. Some of the minor characters seem to be more in the spirit of the original farce than their principals. Mr. Charles Rolfe is movingly sincere as the protective street car driver; Miss Alison Leggatt is touchingly absurd as the lady whose vanity is dedicated to a sentimental memory, and Miss Kathleen Boutall surely gets as much fun as any American could out of the tipsily yodelling actress.

THE evening's most satisfactory moments occur when the boarding house is full and the minor eccentricities multiply, but even then it is hard to escape the impression that the inmates of Mrs. Beam's are trying desperately to pretend that they have visited Arizona and are letting themselves go accordingly.

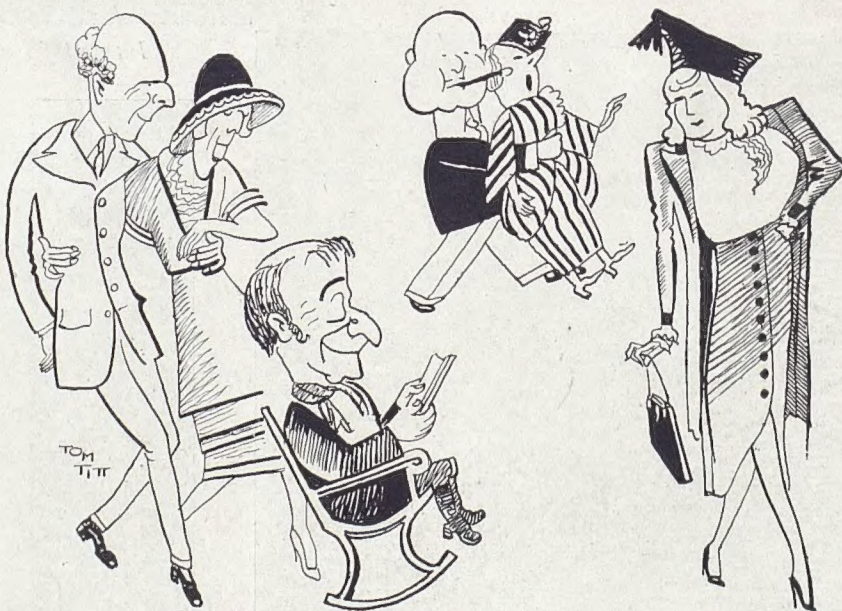
ANTHONY COOKMAN.



Boarding House Personalities: In front, Peggy Evans, Humphrey Morton, Marten Tiffen, Winifred Willard, Alison Leggatt. Behind, Eda Peel, Brian Parker and Linda Bacon as the two children, Charles Rolfe



Family Tiff: Frank Leighton as Jim Blachman, president of a railroad, vice-president of a bank and proprietor of a laundry, and Angela Baddeley as Emily Blachman, the wife who makes two ends meet



More Boarding House Types: Frederick Farley and Myrette Morven as the lovebirds, W. G. Fay as the old Irishman, Kathleen Boutall and Cameron Hall as the two who find consolation in the bottle, and Rowenna Ronald as the "Mae West" vamp



"The Tragic Gentleman" (Esme Percy) refuses the offer of a lift from Jacobowsky (Karel Stepanek). Paris is walking, and being a man of Paris, The Tragic Gentleman will walk with Paris



The Colonel (Michael Redgrave) has announced his intention of driving through the German lines in search of his lady-love. Jacobowsky, terrified, tries to dissuade him. "Don't irritate him," warns Szabuniewicz, the Colonel's batman

"Jacobowsky and the Colonel"

A Tale of Modern Adventure

● **JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL**, the new play presented by London's youngest management, Peter Daubeny Ltd., at the Piccadilly Theatre, is a modern adventure story set in the collapsing France of 1940. The Colonel, a feudal-minded Polish count, is entrusted with a secret mission, in which he undoubtedly would have failed had he not the good fortune to be befriended by a nimble-witted Jew, also of Poland, and in all circumstances resourceful, capable, and practical. Karel Stepanek plays Jacobowsky the Jew, Michael Redgrave the Colonel, and excellent supporting performances are given by Esme Percy, Frith Banbury and Rachel Kempson



The Colonel keeps his rendezvous with Marianne, his lady-love, and after serenading her with due ceremony, persuades her to leave her home and accompany him on the mission which is to take him to England. (Rachel Kempson, Michael Redgrave)



The Gestapo Man (Frith Banbury), sure of his prey (as he thinks), indulges in a little music whilst his captives stand by apprehensively

Photographs by John Vickers



On the quayside at Hendaye, the Colonel waits with his little party for the prearranged transport. Two only can be taken aboard, and it is Marianne who is left behind to await the day of liberation

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Palace Dance

THE small private dance which the King and Queen gave for the Princesses at Buckingham Palace was a very happy affair. Their Majesties and the Princesses all danced nearly every number, and the music went on until well into the early morning hours. Taking advantage of the warm June night, some of the younger guests sat out in the Palace gardens between dances, and there was a running buffet in the rooms adjoining the Bow Saloon, which had been cleared for the dance floor. Before the dance, the King and

Queen entertained most of the members of the Royal Family in London to dinner at the Palace.

Garden-Party

ANOTHER Royal party of a different kind was the second afternoon garden-party given by the King and Queen to returned prisoners of war. Her Majesty, attended by Lady Spencer, Sir Basil Brooke, and other members of her household, chose a blue, summery gown for the occasion, and Princess Elizabeth, who walked round with her father, was also in blue, of a lighter shade.

Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain, Sir Alan Lascelles, H.M.'s Private Secretary, Sir Eric Mieville, Assistant Private Secretary, and W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, in waiting as equerry, were among the Royal entourage, while Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, head of the Red Cross Prisoners Organisation, introduced many of the ex-prisoners to the King and Queen.

G/Captain Bader, the legless pilot who fought in the Battle of Britain, Colonel Newman, hero of St. Nazaire, whose three-year-old V.C. was announced to him an hour or two after he had left the Palace grounds, and Capt. J. Gibson, of the Royal Artillery, whose enviable distinction is to be the first prisoner home from a Japanese camp, were three of the many well-known war figures among the 1900 guests. Three naval V.C.s—Lt. Geoffrey Place and Lt. Donald Cameron, heroes of the midget submarine attack on the *Tirpitz*, and Lt.-Cdr. Beattie, who took H.M.S. *Campbelltown* into St. Nazaire—were among those who received Royal congratulations.

Busy Days

FOR Her Majesty this was a particularly full week. Besides the Palace garden-party and dance, she had an unusually large number of engagements. At the Albert Hall she and the Princesses heard the concert in aid of the "Help Holland" Fund, where they met Princess Juliana of the Netherlands; the Queen also inspected the Red Cross and St. John War Exhibition, and, to end the week, she went to the Diamond Jubilee Conversation of the Society of Authors, of which Sir Osbert Sitwell, one of the Queen's personal friends, is chairman. Nearly every one of the best-known authors of to-day were among the guests, who sat at small tables in the ballroom at Grosvenor



Harlip

V.A.D. to Marry

Miss Bettine Coventry, who is a granddaughter of the ninth Earl, and daughter of the late Hon. Sir Reginald Coventry, K.C., and the late Hon. Lady Coventry, became engaged last month to Capt. Simon Birch, Coldstream Guards, only son of Lieut.-Col. Wyndham Birch and Lady Susan Birch, of Beaumont Hall, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex

House, while at the Queen's table were Dr. John Masefield, the gentle-mannered, charming Poet Laureate, Mr. Winant, the American Ambassador, and a number of other distinguished literary figures and foreign representatives.

The Queen, whose interest in, and knowledge of, English literature are well known, complimented Dr. Masefield, the president, and Sir Oswald on the arrangements. She listened with pleasure to a reading by Mr. John Gielgud from the works of the four former presidents of the Society—Lord Tennyson, Mr. George Meredith, Thomas Hardy and Sir James Barrie—followed by a short speech by Dr. Masefield, who read two of his own poems, and then heard the first playing of a new quartet in A Minor written by Dr. Vaughan-Williams, president of the recently-formed Composers Guild, which is allied to the Society of Authors, in honour of its formation.

Windsor

ON a hot summer's afternoon Windsor Races provided a nice relaxation in the country air for many weary Londoners. There were



Swabe

Film-Premiere Committee Meeting

At the committee meeting for the premiere of "The Affairs of Susan," which is in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, Baroness Ravensdale, the chairman, is seen with Lord McGowan, who was one of the speakers. The film has its premiere on July 12th



Reception Held at the Chilean Embassy in Honour of Well-known Chilean Journalists

At the reception held at the Chilean Embassy recently were Mr. Norman Richards and Lady Victor Paget, who is the wife of Lord Victor Paget, the Marquess of Anglesey's only brother

Mrs. J. J. Astor, the lovely wife of Lord and Lady Astor's fourth son, who is in the Life Guards, was with Capt. Lord Vaughan, Welsh Guards, the Earl of Lisburne's son and heir

Mme. Senoret was chatting to H.E. the Chilean Ambassador, Don Manuel Bianchi, who gave the reception in honour of several well-known Chilean journalists who have come over to this country



Lenore



Fayer



Harlip

Going to be Married: Three Post-War Engagements that were Announced in June

Miss Gillian Denise Hepburn is a Junior Commander in the A.T.S., and the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hepburn, of Chudleigh, Devon. She has recently become engaged to Lt.-Col. Ralph Hedderwick, Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, eldest son of the late Mr. R. S. Hedderwick, and of Mrs. Hedderwick, of Cowden, Kent

Miss Daphne Vivien Pegram works at the Air Ministry and is the only child of the late Vice-Admiral Frank H. Pegram, C.B., D.S.O., who was Fourth Sea Lord of the Admiralty in 1944, and of Mrs. Pegram, of 5, Rutland Street, S.W.7. She is to marry Capt. Richard A. Appleby Holt, K.R.R., of Marshall's Manor, Maresfield, Sussex

Lady Elizabeth Anne Rufus Isaacs, Junior Commander, A.T.S., younger daughter of the Marquess of Reading, K.C., C.B.E., M.C., T.D., and the Marchioness of Reading, of Belgrave Place, is to marry Capt. Derek F. Hornsby, 60th Rifles, only son of the late Major F. H. Hornsby, and the Hon. Mrs. Hornsby, of Longwood, Nayland, Suffolk

nine races, and although they were not up to the classic standard of the previous Saturday, they were interesting and resulted in several close finishes. Entry into the members' enclosure was tightened up for the first time, and everyone had to have a voucher signed by a member, as in pre-war days, before they were given a badge.

There were several members of the film world present, headed by Lord Grantley, who is chairman of the British Film Production Association, David Niven and Carol Reed, the producer, who was able to get a good line on the form of the horses running from his trainer-brother, Robin. The Hon. Kay Norton, in navy blue, came with her brother and was chatting to Lord Portarlington; the young Marquess of Blandford, in his officer cadet's uniform, came over from a nearby O.C.T.U.; the Hon. Dorothy Paget was there to see her horses run, and so were two other members of her family, her step-sister, the Hon. Enid Paget, who was wearing American Red Cross uniform, and her niece, the Hon. Mrs. Edward

Ward, who is married to one of the Earl of Dudley's twin brothers.

Lady Orr-Lewis was with her small son; Lord Stavordale was talking to the Countess of Kimberley; Mrs. Mostyn Hustler, who lives in Yorkshire, where she and her husband have shown so much hospitality during the war, was having her first day's racing in the south since 1939; and Lord Lovat, who has been busy making speeches on the election platforms, was escorting his mother-in-law, Vera Lady Broughton, from the paddock. Others there were the Hon. Robert Watson, Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooks, Lady Middleton, Lady Petre, Captain and Mrs. Brian Rootes, Mrs. Thin, Captain and Mrs. Bill Bligh, Captain and Mrs. Pat Grey, Sir Francis and Lady Towle, Major Harry Misa and Mr. John Dewar.

London by Night

THE Duke and Duchess of Norfolk have been entertaining in London, and at a recent dinner-party their guests included the Duke's eldest sister, Lady Rachel Davidson, who is

a Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent. Lord and Lady Simon stopped on their way in to dinner to talk to Major and Mrs. Tommy Baring, who were entertaining friends; Lady Orr-Lewis was dining à deux with her small son, who has just returned from Canada and was very smart in his grey flannel suit; the Earl and Countess of Abingdon were at a nearby table with three friends; the Earl and Countess of Leicester dined at a table for two; and the Earl of Hardwicke waited in the foyer for his guests to arrive. Two famous men who passed through on their way to a reception and dinner were Mr. John Winant, the quiet and popular American Ambassador, and Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Dancing later in the evening were those two lovely young-marrieds, Mrs. David Heneage and Mrs. Roger Thorneycroft, who were in the same party with Mrs. Heneage's brother-in-law, Major Copper Blackett; the Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock were entertaining a party of young friends; Major Philip Dunne had a table for two, and so had Major Charles Sweeney.

(Concluded on page 24)



Brodrick Vernon

The Well-known Scottish Portrait Painter, Mr. Cowan Dobson, and His Wife Hold an "At Home" in Edwardes Square

Mrs. Gerald Brandt is seen chatting with her host, Mr. Cowan Dobson, on the steps of the Cowan Dobsons' attractive house in Edwardes Square, Kensington, during their recent "At Home"

Scottish-born Sir William Fraser was there with his wife, Lady Fraser, who looked very smart. He has for many years been a prominent figure in the petroleum world, and was knighted in 1939

Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett brought his step-daughter, Miss Virginia Montagu, who was on leave from the W.R.N.S., and is Lady Curtis-Bennett's daughter by her first marriage



Mrs. J. Clowes, who assists as a whip, was showing Worry and Worship, winners of the couples class



A General View of the Judging Ring at Sudbury Kennels, Derbyshire



Col. Anson, who was taking things easily on a shooting-stick, was chatting to Mrs. C. R. Farquharson



Walking together were Mrs. Rupert Hardy and Sir William Bass

The Meynell Hunt Puppy Show

And Many Well-Known Hunting Personalities Who Attended It



Major Betterton and Lady Walker, who is the wife of Lt.-Col. Sir Ian Walker, were watching the judging



The Duke of Beaufort, who was judging, was discussing the show with Major Hubbersty



Mrs. Boyd was listening to Major Melles, whose wife is Baroness Burton



In the judging ring with Capt. Maurice Kingscote, the Joint-Master of the Hunt, who was showing the puppies, were the Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H., and Mr. Isaac Bell

It was fine weather, which was all to the good, for the Meynell Hunt Puppy Show, held at the Kennels at Sudbury, Derbyshire. The Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Isaac Bell, who is a former Joint-Master of the South and West Wilts., were judging, and the puppies were shown by the Joint-Master of the Meynell, Capt. Maurice Kingscote. Two very fine puppies which won the couples class are seen on this page. Many well-known people in the Meynell country were watching the show, including Baroness Burton, Sir William and Lady Noreen Bass, Viscount Scarsdale, and many others



Lady Noreen Bass, who is an aunt of the Earl of Huntingdon, talked to Lady Hardy, wife of Sir Bertram Hardy



Sharing a joke were Mrs. J. Atkins, and Mr. Isaac Bell, who was another of the judges



Two people who live in Gloucestershire, were Mrs. Stephen Player, and her husband, Capt. Player, who discussed the show with Col. Thompson



Baroness Burton, who has been well known in the Meynell country for many years, and before the war was a well-known breeder of cairns, was with Major Newton



Strolling round together were the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, Lord Hindlip's elder sister, and Mrs. Hugh Brassey



Viscount Scarsdale of Kedleston, Derbyshire, was having a word with Mrs. Harris

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MR. GANDHI's reappearance in the front-page news should stir the comic boys to new life. It's at least a couple of years since we had a crack about the Gandhi Loincloth.

As a matter of fact there are only two good jokes on this artless topic. One was uttered in a New York revue: "Need you, baby? I need you as Gandhi needs a safety-pin!" The other was inspired by a thoughtful chap's remark some time ago that everything is relative and that to some Oriental ascetics Mr. Gandhi probably looks overdressed. This limerick ensued:

When a critical fakir said Gandhi
Was just "a big overdressed dandhi,"
The Tailor and Cutter,
Unable to utter,
Made signs meaning "Mother!" and
"Brandhi!"

We personally recognise the Gandhi loin-cloth as not an article of dress but a state of mind; like spats. The Old Harrovian elegance of Pandit Nehru, with his impeccable white silk suitings and graceful eyeglass, doubtless reconciles Savile Row to Indian affairs far more, but it carries no mystic symbolism; whereas if Mr. Gandhi appeared one morning with two safety-pins or a dainty hand-embroidered fringe it might mean the biggest upheaval in the East since Genghis Khan.

Footnote

IF you think this whimsy, consider the bowler hat. Before the Race discarded the topper for this cruel and ignoble lid it was a copious weeper, as you can judge from the pages of Dickens and Thackeray, whose serious characters are always gushing cataracts of tears. The bowler hat showed the world that the Race had turned "awkward" and was henceforth dumb and insensitive to the agony of women and little birdies. A change for the worse, as some think.

Festa

GRIM, blank, and shuttered to the sunshine, Apsley House on the 130th anniversary of Waterloo seemed to us, as our bus paused to pant at Hyde Park Corner, the perfect footnote to Ecclesiasticus.

In this house each year in the Iron Duke's lifetime the Waterloo Banquet assembled the survivors on the anniversary night of the victory. Each year their number was less; each year, undoubtedly, they had less and less to say to each other, like the revellers at any Old Comrades' or Old Boys' dinner—is anything more melancholy than such agapes? It was worse for the Duke because he had political worries to brood over, also his decline from popularity,



"Personally, I didn't care for it"

especially notable in that year when the mob smashed all his windows. Possibly, too, he annually remembered a few major bloomers of Napoleon's and his own in the Waterloo campaign, which the public fortunately knew nothing about till M. Houssaye went into the matter in the 1890's. Staring over the gold plate and the flowers at what was left of the old familiar faces, twiddling his glass and listening to the regimental band, we should say that towards 1845 the Duke had long since come to the conclusion that Byron and Keats and Shelley were wise to die at precisely the right time, damme.

Meditation

THE outstanding example of this wisdom in modern times is Rupert Brooke. By 1945 this Apollo of light and grace would have been a stoutish, baldish elderly gentleman with many reams of melodious verse to his credit and—we guess—a bitter look in his eye, being regarded as a quaint museum-piece by a generation gone crazy over paranoia and epilepsy. The art of dying at the right time—how few of the headline boys and girls practise it.

Pans

A CRITIC who described the late Ambrose McEvoy's portraits as "imaginative and intensely refined" meant it as a compliment, we gathered. We've heard other critics say that such delicate flattery implies lack of nerve. Which school of thought is right we wouldn't know.

Naturally the portrait boys can't all be Goyas. The greatest satiric feat in the history of Art is undoubtedly Goya's portrait-group of the family of Charles IV, of Spain, and how he got away with it—especially his treatment of that wonderful raddled old haybag the Infanta—is still a wonder. It may be that Goya, coming up against the mournful beauty of the Island Pan, would have bowed his head and realised that even he couldn't improve on Nature. Landseer, in our unfortunate view, set a bad example in his portraits of rich women (e.g. "The Monarch of the Glen" and "A Lump of Sugar"), and the modern boys are right to discard his methods.

She was a Phantom of Delight

When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
To paint her now I cannot fancy a
Better all-round man than Landseer.

(Concluded on page 14)



"And this is where Hugo puzzles out his taxation problems"



At a round table were the Hon. Mrs. Duncan Campbell, who is the sister of Lord Barnby, Brig. F. Spedding, Lady Barnby, F/Lt. I. R. Campbell and Mrs. G. Loder

Dining Out in London

Photographs at Bagatelle, Ciro's and Mirabell by Swaeb



In a party of six were Mrs. John Sheffield, Mr. Peter Hanbury, the Countess of Cottenham, Mr. John Sheffield, who is the youngest son of Sir Berkeley Sheffield, Miss A. Newman and the Earl of Cottenham



Miss Catherine Rolfe, H.E. the Ambassador to Chile, Patricia Countess of Cottenham, Capt. E. Billiard Leake, Naval Attaché to China, and Mrs. John Kerrison were all looking amused



Mrs. Harris and Viscount Scarsdale were sharing a joke



Mrs. V. Tucker was with Major Gribble and Lady Carrick, who were chatting together



Viscount Tarbat, who has been a P.O.W., and is the eldest son of the Countess of Cromartie, Miss G. Harrison, Mr. M. Denz and Mrs. O. Mendola were a quartette dining together

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Wordsworth was, of course, blindly following the fashion of the day. The Land-seer study of his Lucy, hanging her head sadly over a stable half-door, and better known as "Where Is Master?" might almost have been one of those courtly, luscious confections of De Laszlo. Look at any modern Academy and you will realise that simple, shuddering realism is the thing.

Interlude

BALLETOMANES are whinnying and mew-ing over a recent design for a statue of Pavlova, showing the ballerina posing without her ballet-shoes. Which shows the arid and inhuman nature of balletomanes, as their hideous features indeed demonstrate.

Removing the shoes to rest those poor hot tired dogs is one of the greatest luxuries known to the ballet-world. We never go to Sadler's Wells without feeling sorry for the boys and girls whirling and bounding so indefatigably and wondering about their corns. What we'd chiefly like to see is a prima ballerina like Fallova breaking off halfway through *Les Sylphides* or *Chore-artium* and telling the conductor all her troubles, like that excellent comic Frank Tinney. You can see those great, soulful, tragic, rather goggly, Russian eyes from here.

"My lecks—they hört! My feet—they börn!"

"What you need is a rest and a bath."

"Ah, mon Tieu! Ici che ne beaux bas!"

"Ask Joe! Hey, Joe!"

(After some discussion at the footlights a small tin footbath is brought on the stage and Fallova puts her feet in it with a sigh of relief.)

"Strewth! That's better!"

"Well, don't soak 'em too long. The saps in front may get a bit restive."

"Don't make me laugh, boy."

(Here the conductor looks round at the rows and rows of, serried balletomanes, all staring

dumbly at this byplay and believing it to be some daring new essay in plastic values by Gotsuchakov or Serge Trouserin. Smothering a guffaw the conductor winks at Fallova.)

"Well, what about another dollop of Sylphides some time?"

"Coo, you are a one for 'ustle!"

So the ballet eventually continues, with a refreshed prima ballerina giving the balletomanes double the value for their money, double the values, double the places, double the rest of the tralala and jigamaroo. Don't say we never worry over art. We worry day and night.

Nordic

SCANDINAVIANS are such good S. boys, with their clean shining faces and neatly-brushed hair and innocent blue eyes and five telephones apiece, that it shocked us extremely to read about young Mr. Gerner Ibsen, who had planned to heave a grenade at Field-Marshal Montgomery in Copenhagen on May 12, but fortunately lost his nerve.

In Harley Street some of the psychologists think Mr. Ibsen is a throwback to the period when the Island Race had to buy the Danes off at intervals with cash, or danegelt, in order to dissuade them from sailing up the Thames and murdering London bishops and aldermen. This appeasement policy was—as ever—only a partial success; for some reason the Danes had taken an active dislike to their Anglo-Saxon cousins. As it notoriously takes some time for ideas

"It's my eyes, Doctor; I see pips when they're only stripes"

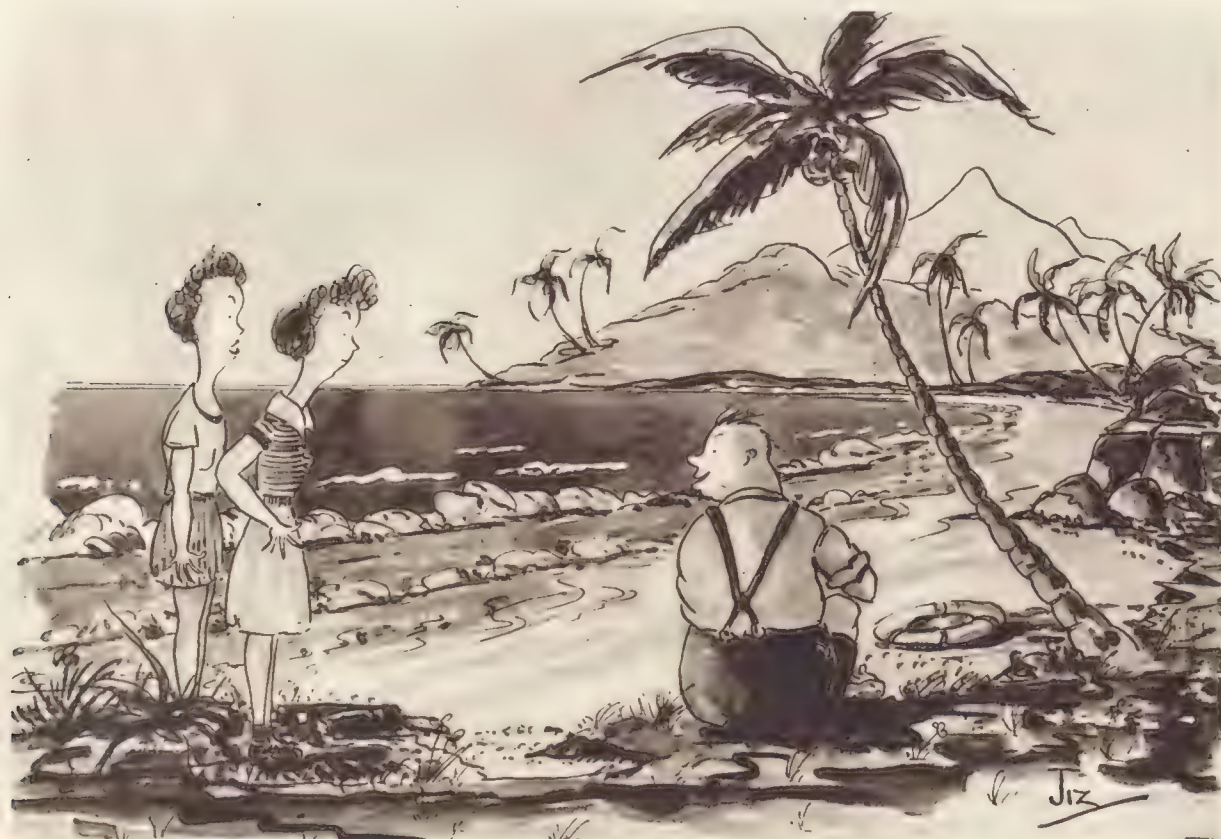
to permeate the true Nordic noggin, this dislike (say the psychologists) may only now have seeped down the ages into Mr. Ibsen's subconscious.

Another theory is that like his great dramatic namesake, Mr. Ibsen merely wanted to put a stopper on the Race's native joie-de-vivre. Mr. Henrik Ibsen, aided by his translator Archer, tried to do this by exhausting the populace with plays of a dark-brown and snuffy nature hinging on problems such as the loss of Mrs. Hogstadt's umbrella and Mr. Björing's double-cross over a drainpipe contract. He also tried to get spoiled little women to walk out on their husbands for good, slamming doors. (Many refused, to the sincere regret of the hon. secretary of the local lawn-tennis club.)

Young Mr. Gerner Ibsen's method makes old Mr. Henrik Ibsen, that whiskery scourge, seem as jovial and innocent as Father Christmas. Who'd have thought it? Not James ("Boss") Agate, for one, huh, huh.

D. B. Wyndham

Lewis



"Watch your step, Ethel—he isn't grinning like that because he's just escaped a watery grave"

Family Album



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grimston and Their Family

Mr. Robert Villiers Grimston has been M.P. for the Westbury Division of Wilts. since 1931, and is at the Ministry of Supply. He is the eldest son of the late Canon the Hon. Robert Grimston, and grandson of the second Earl of Verulam. Mrs. Grimston is the sister of Sir Cecil Newenham, Bt. They are seen with their children, Robert, Anthony, Rose, Michael and Ella Grimston

Photographs by
Marcus Adams,
Lenare, and
Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Malcolm G. Lillingston and Her Children
Mrs. Lillingston, seen with her son and daughter, Mark and Diane, is the widow of the late Lt. Malcolm G. Lillingston, King's Dragoon Guards, who was killed in action in Libya in 1941. Mrs. Lillingston is the youngest daughter of Sir William McIntock, Bt., and Lady McIntock. Her husband was the younger son of the late Rev. Canon A. B. G. Lillingston, of The College, Durham



Mrs. H. Coriat and Her Daughters

Mrs. H. Coriat is the wife of Mr. H. Coriat, who was formerly in the R.A.F. They were married in 1943, and have one daughter, Susan Caroline. Mrs. Coriat, who is the only daughter of Sir Archibald Weigall, was formerly married to Lt.-Cdr. Viscount Curzon, and is seen with her two elder daughters, the Hon. Mary and the Hon. Jennifer Curzon, and Susan Caroline Coriat



**Mrs. Harry Blake Tyler
with Robin and Jeremy**

Mrs. Harry Blake Tyler is the wife of Lt.-Col. H. Blake Tyler, who for the past three years has been temporary First Secretary at the Embassy in Washington. They have two sons, Robin and Jeremy. Mrs. Blake Tyler is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Minto Wilson, and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. M. R. Bridgeman, is the wife of Viscount Bridgeman's youngest brother

The Comédie Française in London

Famous French Players Open a Two-Weeks' Season at the New Theatre



Jacques Dacqmines was a pupil at the Conservatoire when he was first called upon to play Hippolyte in "Phèdre" three years ago. Since then he has taken "premier prix de tragédie" at the Conservatoire, has joined the French Army and is on special leave for the Company's visit to England



Louise Conte is, in private life, the wife of Jacques Dacqmines. Her two types of role—tragic and character parts—are both represented in the London productions. Mlle. Conté appears in "Phèdre," "Ruy Blas," "Les Boulin-gerin" and "L'Impromptu de Versailles"



Paul Deiber made his debut at the Comédie Française as Ruy Blas, the role in which he appears in London. He joined the Company in the autumn of 1944, having taken two prizes at the Conservatoire for tragedy and comedy



Pierre Dux is the Administrateur-Général of the Company. He has played innumerable parts, of which Figaro in "Le Barbier de Seville" was one of the first. Pierre Dux won the Croix de Guerre at Dunkirk, was demobilised in 1940, and took a leading part in forming and organising the Front Théâtrale, the resistance movement of the French Theatre

Clarisse "Tragédie" Andromaque at the Com London she "L'Improm



won a "premier prix de
vatoire in 1942 for the role of
her debut the following winter
aise in the same part. In
r in "Phèdre," "Tartuffe,"
sailles" and "Ruy Blas"



Beatrice Bretty is one of the few
members of the present Company who
were here in 1939. Mlle. Bretty
has been a Sociétaire of the Comédie
Française since 1939, and is a
born interpreter of the soubrettes of
Molière, Regnard and Beaumarchais



Mony Dalmes went from the Conservatoire to the
Comédie Française in 1937 and became a Sociétaire
in 1942. Her dramatic power became apparent when
she first took the roles of Ophelia, Iphigenie and
Aricie. She appears in many of the modern plays
in the repertoire and has done some film work

Photographs by
Harcourt, Paris

● A two-weeks' season of the Comédie Française, the oldest national theatre in the world, opened at the New Theatre on Monday last with a performance of Beaumarchais' *Le Barbier de Seville*, preceded by Molière's one-act comedy *L'Impromptu de Versailles*. On this, its fifth visit to London, the Comédie Française has chosen to bring a classical repertoire—Molière's *Tartuffe*, Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* and Racine's *Phèdre*, besides the plays with which the season begins. It was in *Phèdre* that the thirty-five-year-old Sarah Bernhardt made her London debut in June 1879. Arranged under the auspices of H.E. the French Ambassador and the British Council, this official visit is a splendid symbol of the end of six years of artistic "black-out" between this country and the Continent



Pierre de Rigoult has belonged to the Comédie Française since 1926 and has taken roles in every type of play—tragic, romantic, comic. Was an active member of the Resistance, and since the Liberation has held the post of Contrôleur-Général of the Comédie Française

Jean Meyer was a pupil of Louis Jouvet at the Conservatoire. He joined the Comédie Française in 1937 and has been a Sociétaire since 1942. Plays many comic roles, including several of the valets of Molière and Marivaux

Jean Yonnell has been a Sociétaire since 1929 and became the Vice-Doyen of the Company this year. Made his debut in 1926, and since then has taken leading roles in tragedy, romantic comedy, classical comedy, drama and modern plays

Daphne du Maurier

Mrs. F. A. M. Browning and Her
Children in Cornwall



With Her Children in the Grounds of Their Lovely Home



*On the Steps with Tessa, Flavia and
Christian*



Mrs. Browning Relaxing in Her Study

● Mrs. Browning is the wife of Lt.-Gen. F. A. M. Browning. She is the well-known writer Daphne du Maurier, whose best-seller, *Rebecca*, which was first dramatised, was followed by *Jamaica Inn* and *Frenchman's Creek*, all of which were filmed with such success; her lovely and unusual play *The Years Between* is running in London now. The daughter of the late Sir Gerald du Maurier, she married Lt.-Gen. Browning, Chief of Staff S.E.A.C. in 1932. Her husband was formerly Deputy Commander, First Allied Airborne Army, and landed with his men at Arnhem. The Brownings have three children, two girls and a boy

Photographs by Compton Collier



D. R. Stuart



Cambridge Beat Oxford in the Inter-Varsity Cricket Match at Lord's

Two Oxford captains and an ex-Oxford cricketer were (sitting): P. John Lomas, captain of Oxford in 1939; D. E. Young, who represented Oxford in 1938; and (standing) Garth Wheatley, captain of the present team

J. G. Dewes, who has scored 1,002 runs for Cambridge this season, and I. F. Bishop, who made 111 at the Oxford v. Cambridge match, seen going out to open the Cambridge innings

Mr. Stanley Christopherson, aged eighty-four, president of the M.C.C., and Mr. F. A. Mackinnon, aged ninety-seven, who were veterans of the Kent team of 1884 that beat the Australians at Canterbury, were both watching the inter-Varsity match

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

What Wins It?

It is probable that form has rarely been so faithfully reproduced as it was in the 1½-mile Coronation Cup at Newmarket on June 21st. In the Wood Ditton Stakes, May 24th, at the same place, same course, at very much the same weights, the same animals were placed in the same order: Borealis, Ocean Swell, Hycilla. This does not happen very often. In the Wood Ditton the weights were: Borealis 9 st. 2 lb., Ocean Swell 9 st. 5 lb., Hycilla 8 st. 13 lb.; won a head, three lengths; time 1.41½; in the Coronation Cup, Borealis

9 st., Ocean Swell 9 st., Hycilla 8 st. 11 lb.; won comfortably by a length and a half; head between second and third; time 2.32½ (Suffolk Stakes Course record, 2.29½). The time does not matter very much, and is only quoted for the purpose of completeness, for manual timing on the July Course is manifestly very difficult indeed. Borealis did not start favourite in either of these races; in the Wood Ditton Stakes the S.P. was 4 to 1 Ocean Swell, 11 to 2 Hycilla and 10 to 1 Borealis; in the Coronation Cup 11 to 8 Hycilla, 5 to 2 each Borealis and Ocean Swell. In last year's Leger the placings were

Tehran, Borealis and Ocean Swell; one-and-a-half and one length; the distance, be it specially noted, being 1 mile 6 furlongs and 150 yards, and not 132 yards, as at Doncaster. Quite recently (June 9th) Tehran won the Fen Ditton Stakes, 2 miles 24 yards, with 9 st. 4 lb., absolutely as he liked, giving packets of weight to the other two, who were of no account. It was just a pipe-opener for him. There was no betting. What are we to back in the Gold Cup, 2½ miles, on July 7th, on this recent form, which seems to give us all we ought to need? But does it?

Nota Bene

I SUGGEST that we ought not to forget last year's Jockey Club Cup, 2½ miles, which Ocean Swell (8 st. 3 lb.) won as he liked from five-year-old Historic (9 st. 2 lb.) and another fine stayer, Triumvir (four years, 9 st. 2 lb.). The tendency, as I gather, after the Coronation Cup is to discard Ocean Swell and adhere to the one they call the "form" horse, Tehran. Is this prudent, keeping our eyes firmly fixed on the distance, 2½ miles? At a mile less there might be only one horse to back. In the Gold

(Concluded on page 20)



People Who Saw Four Favourites Win at the Phoenix Park Races

Pool, Dublin

Lady Nelson was chatting with Major William Hope-Nelson, 8th Hussars. She is the wife of Sir James Nelson, who is a member of the Irish Turf Club and a well-known owner and breeder

Going racing together were Miss Sonia Graham and Lt. Denys Domville, Royal Horse Guards, who is the son of the Hon. Mrs. Herbrand Alexander by her previous marriage, and stepson of the Hon. Herbrand Alexander

Lady Nugent, who is the wife of F/O. Sir Hugh Nugent, R.A.F., brought her two sons with her. John, the eldest, is twelve, and his brother, David, two years younger. Sir Hugh Nugent trained at Lambourn, in Berkshire, before the war



D. R. Stuart

Cambridge University Women's Swimming Team Lose the Two Bath Club Cups to Oxford

Oxford were the winners in the Oxford and Cambridge University Women's Swimming match, so winning the two cups presented by the Bath Club. *Sitting:* J. H. Lloyd (St. Hugh's), J. H. Thornton (St. Hilda's, captain), D. P. Weld (Lady Margaret Hall). *Standing:* P. Boyd (St. Hugh's), C. H. Morrish (Somerville), B. Robinson (St. Anne's), A. Reid (St. Hilda's)

The Cambridge team who were beaten by Oxford in the annual contest at the Cowley Baths, by 23 points to 20 in swimming, and 166 points to 155 in diving. *Sitting:* J. S. Cushen (Girton), M. B. Evans (Girton, captain), K. E. White (Newnham). *Standing:* F. E. G. Kirk (Girton), N. Hamshaw Thomas (Newnham), U. M. P. Hill (Girton), Mrs. Scarfe (coach), D. S. Prigg (Newnham)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Cup surely the Book says that there are two, and, being cursed by nature, I am going to stick by the one I picked last year, principally because he had Historic behind him. The principal reason why I like Ocean Swell is that he is such a bonny fighter, with a preference for a long scrap. Nevertheless, I think it will be a terrific race, with just the spin of a coin between about half a dozen of them. It is a grand field, and so long as we can produce one like it, there cannot be much the matter with the Home Factory.

Simla

THE recent little broadcast about this fascinating spot given us by the B.B.C. surprised me, because it omitted so much. It seemed to me surprising that at a moment when that

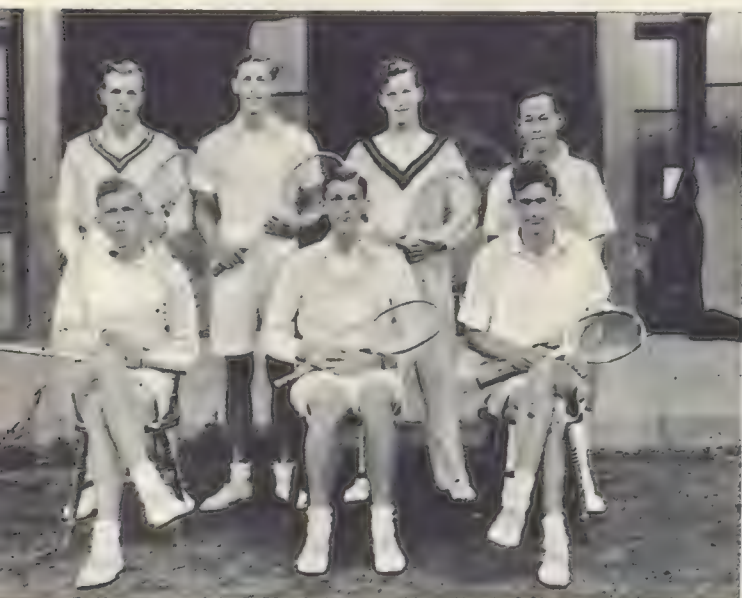
poor Viceroy is faced by a Conference which a good many people think is composed of oil-and-water elements, that no mention of one of Simla's leading features was made. I refer to that beautiful wooded hill called, most appropriately, Jakko, because it has always been strongly held by a monkey garrison, and I am certain that the old Fakir who feeds them is still alive; he looked at least a hundred when last I saw him, but he was of the kind that lives for ever. The monkeys, of course, are descended from generations and generations of Simla pests, who steal your silver-backed brushes, swarm in the trees and really own the whole place. The broadcast also omitted things like that dangerous long road down to Annandale, especially perilous in the moonlight—and I don't mean leopards. Again, nothing about the Pasteur Institute, half-way up the hill, to which the ladies of the Venusberg used to go to get cured of cat-bite; nothing again about that lovely spur Naldera, given as a Christian name once upon a time to an equally lovely lady; Narkhanda, Jutogh, the Gurkha station, or

Squires' Hall, or The Chalet! However, these things would be closed books to the tourist. There is only one way, in my opinion, in which to absorb the real atmosphere, and that is by eschewing that rattly little train, and going up from Kalka in one of those old flea-boxes called tongas. By train you miss the long strings of camels which you never see until they are right upon you; though you can hear their not-unmusical bells a long way off; you miss the battered caravanserais by the wayside, reeking with smoke from their own peculiar fuel, populated by everything you can think of out of Ali Baba or Chu Chin Chow, with, all the time, the atmosphere of the Golden Road to Samarkhand all around you and the death of the thousand cuts seemingly quite a possibility. It might have been better for some chaps I have known if it had been a reality, but that, as the gentleman who hated the "little tin gods upon wheels" so heartily said, is another story. Our broadcasting friend could hardly miss the rickshaws, but apparently the bright spots of colour of the jhampanis' kit never struck him, though the fascinating mandragora of the deodars undoubtedly did. No one could miss it, and its effects are most peculiar!

The Others?

HAVING coralled some who did the State great disservice, what about the rest? There is Jack Trevor, who is said to describe himself as an actor, though whether the stage would subscribe to this statement is doubtful; there is Fred Kaltenbach, of Iowa; there is Edward Leopold Delaney, alias E. D. Ward, another actor, and there is Constance Drexel, formerly of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and there are divers less well-known ex-members of the late and unlamented Herr Doktor Göbbels' staff; Balkanites, Dutch, Scandinavians, Spaniards, Arabs and Hindus. Trevor was an hysterical, and therefore ridiculous, figure in this gallery of German mouthpieces. None of these persons can have got very far away, even though two may have managed to get to Drogheda Bay. That which is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander, and though only one in the above little list is the concern of Great Britain, the rest must be of corresponding value to our various Allies. The Hindus, it is suggested, are particularly worthy of attention, in view of what we know has to be done so soon as the monsoon has blown itself out.

How much there is to do does not appear to be understood by some, whose horizons are bounded by East Peckham and West Norwood. It is still a long, long trail to Tokyo, and amphibious warfare is always difficult and mostly unpleasant. That first-class fighting man who commands the Fourteenth Army has tried to tell us, yet what?



D. R. Stuart

Cambridge Beat Oxford in the Inter-Varsity Lawn Tennis Match at Oxford

Cambridge University, who won against Oxford by thirteen matches to two, have also defeated United Hospitals recently. *Sitting:* P. A. Donovan (St. John's), P. R. Baelz (Christ's, captain), C. L. Duff (Queen's). *Standing:* M. A. T. Bubb (Christ's), R. G. Salmon (St. John's), G. E. de Freitas (Clare), K. M. Tan (Trinity)

Oxford lost the inter-Varsity match to Cambridge at Ifley Road, Oxford. *Sitting:* F. B. Morley (St. Edmund Hall), R. A. Prichard (Trinity, captain), T. R. Miles (Magdalen). *Standing:* G. A. R. Swannell (St. Edmund Hall), R. R. Freven (St. Benet's Hall), J. Boys-Watson (Queen's), S. Coleman (New College)

On Active Service



Officers of a Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment in India

Front row: Capt. F. M. White, Major T. A. D. Ennion, Major W. M. W. Cooper, Lt.-Col. K. C. Menneer (C.O.), Capt. P. D. F. Thursby, Major A. H. Gurney, Major V. V. Hudson, Capt. G. W. C. Squirrel. Middle row: Capt. R. Gould, Capt. S. Wilenitz, Lt. A. I. Robin, Capt. J. W. Ellis, Capt. W. A. Woodward, Lt. P. H. Jackson, Capt. A. F. P. Baldwin, R. S. A. Gray, T. E. Watt, M.C. Back row: Lts. J. R. Ellis, A. T. Y. Haygarth, A. Trollope, E. H. Morgan, W. H. Theobald, C. Gunton, R. A. Tomkinson, A. P. W. Kinghorn, C. H. Thomas

Right—sitting: F/Lts. A. E. Gunn, P. E. Ipsen, S/Ldrs. G. B. Atkinson, D.F.C., T. W. Willmott, D.F.M., W/Cdr. P. J. Simpson, D.S.O., D.F.C. (O.C.), S/Ldr. R. F. Hamlyn, A.F.C., D.F.M., F/Lts. S. B. Spring, D.F.C., B. J. Oliver, D.F.C., J. L. Tayleur. Standing: F/O. M. W. Corder, F/Lt. J. Sodek, Lt. B. Tidemand-Johnnessen, F/O. J. D. Lord, Lt. O. R. Christiansen, F/O. D. E. Penn, F/Lt. J. L. Browne, W/O. J. Stewart, F/Lt. H. D. Leventon, D.F.C., F/O. R. H. Oliver, F/Lt. H. B. Bishop, P/O. A. J. Simpkins



Officers of an A.A.O.R. in the B.L.A.

Sitting: Rev. D. O'Flynn, Capt. W. J. Thomas, Major H. A. S. Davies, Capt. R. C. F. Serpell, Capt. S. E. d'Esterre. Standing: Lts. W. E. Paul, H. M. Renshaw, H. G. Jones, G. E. Dawkins



Officers of an R.A.F. Training Wing near Chester



Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Tank Regiment Serving in Italy

Front row: Capt. E. Foster, F. Medley, Thompson, A. Gillanders, Majors M. Thompson, M.C., A. E. Simmons, M.C., J. O. Ellenbeck, M.C., the Commanding Officer, Capt. G. L. Simcox, M.C., Majors R. Hair, M.C., G. P. Bradley, A. Powditch, M.C., Capt. E. Stell, N. Banks, J. Banks, R. Mac'Auliffe. Middle row: Lts. Stucci, G. Simkins, P. Stevens, F. Ward, G. Wright, M.C., S. Spiers, Capt. J. Dixon, W. M. Jeffery, A. Halliday, M.C., Lts. Gowrie, Jas. Haigh, R. Daniels, W. Bingley, P. Hasher, W. Stafford. Back row: Lts. I. Mackenzie, J. Wilkinson, D. Tuft, A. P. Montgomery, S. S. Rose, I. MacDonald, H. Winters, J. Richardson, M.C., R. Woods, R. Bullock

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Crusader

THE British have cause to look back with gratitude—though not, it is to be hoped, with any dangerous complacency—on the last few centuries of their national past. On the whole, the moral physique has been stout; one perceives a strong bent against injustice, cruelty and the abuse of force. One takes, in particular, a happy view of the eighteenth century, which, following upon the revolution of 1688, appears to have been an era of large windows, liberality and lucid minds. It is startling, therefore, to be reminded that, exactly then, the Slave Trade—and our part in the Slave Trade—was at its height. In that traffic in human beings, our far-from-remote forefathers took a lively, prosperous and, until one voice spoke up, quite untroubled share.

Reginald Coupland's *Wilberforce* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) is a splendid biography—and, I must say, an eye-opener. *Wilberforce* was first published in 1923: the book's appearance, for a post-war England anxiously seeking in its conscience for a balance between idealism and expediency, must have been important. The appearance of this new, 1945, edition is, for the same reasons, no less important now. The long-term wisdom (apart from the sheer morality) of William Wilberforce's crusade against slavery is, of course, apparent to the twentieth century: it was far from apparent to his own. He had to ride head-on against an accepted order. He was opposed not simply by brutes or cynics, but by those who sincerely believed the Slave Trade to be essential to Colonial development. He had the thankless task of disturbing a comfortable public conscience.

How was it [asks Sir Reginald Coupland] that eighteenth-century Englishmen, who, whatever their faults, were not devilishly cruel, could tolerate the continuance of this hideous scandal? Doubtless the facts were not very widely known. Doubtless the public as a whole knew as little and cared as little about Africans as Indians. And it required, no doubt, an unusual effort of imagination to realise the sufferings of those remote black men. But why was there no attempt to enlighten the public, to awaken its imagination and its conscience? Why did the leaders of State and Church do nothing? Partly, no doubt, for economic reasons—because the Slave Trade was a profitable element in British business (the Liverpool slavers, for instance, between 1783 and 1793, carried over 300,000 slaves to the West Indies, sold them for over £15,000,000, and made a net profit of 30 per cent.), and because the productivity of the West Indies and hence of the West Indian trade seemed indissolubly linked up with it. "The impossibility of doing without slaves in the West Indies," wrote a London publicist in 1764, "will always prevent this traffic being

dropped. The necessity, the absolute necessity of carrying it on, must, since there is no other, be its excuse." Partly, again, for political reasons—because the withdrawal of Britain alone from so large a field of the carrying-trade might greatly injure her maritime strength in comparison with less scrupulous European rivals; partly because any interference with the Trade by the mother country would arouse the bitterest resentment in the colonies; even because—so it was actually argued—the filling-up of the islands with a slave population would tend to keep them more loyal to the imperial connexion than if, like those tiresome New England colonies, they developed into little democracies of white men with English notions of political freedom.

Grim Foundations

IMPERIAL St. Petersburg, one is told, was I raised on a foundation of human bones. And not one of the pagan empires that left great names but had this under-structure of slavery. Were the Christian empires, now, to see no choice but that of following the same course? Since the fifteenth century, expansion, on the part of all great European countries, had followed on the tracks of the discoverer. The world being opened up must be colonised. The Portuguese started the slave trade—negroes seized from the coast of West Africa were shipped back to Lisbon, then further afield, to Brazil. The Spanish rapidly followed. The



Brodrick Vernon

Mrs. Violet Trefusis, the talented writer, who wrote so wittily and well about her escape from France, can claim the rare distinction of having had a book published over there during the occupation, anonymously. An achievement she shares with one other well-known English writer, Miss Elizabeth Bowen. Mrs. Trefusis, who is seen sitting in the Park, hopes soon to return to her Paris home

English did not take their first, and discreditable, hand in the business till 1562, when that notable buccaneer, Sir John Hawkins, shipped 300 negroes from Sierra Leone and sold them to Spanish planters in San Domingo. Even

after that, for some time, England tried to stay out, till the needs of her colonies in North America and the West Indies made her forget her good resolutions. Thus, soon, she was in the business up to the neck; finding herself, at the start of the eighteenth century, in fierce though successful competition with the French and Dutch.

In the matter of Abolition, England—at Wilberforce's tireless instigation—might give the lead; she could not for a minute consider acting alone. Slave-trading, when Wilberforce took the field, had its own fixed international understandings. His campaign in Parliament needed, as its accompaniment, not only appeals to public opinion throughout Great Britain, but negotiations abroad. A beginning was made with France.

Saint

SIR REGINALD COUPLAND, as Professor of Colonial History at Oxford, is pre-eminently fitted to study Wilberforce's lifework in relation to colonial administration in his own time, and now. Such a study, with its attendant pictures of British and French colonial (and particularly West Indian) life, could in itself have made a valuable book. But in *Wilberforce*, the author has given us something more than history. His comprehension of William Wilberforce, not only as reformer and statesman but as a spiritual giant—in fact,

(Continued on page 24)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

WHENEVER I listen to an extreme Leftist screaming

about the "Abolition of Class," I wonder exactly what he means by that yell? Does he intend that Sir John Anderson should become a builder, or Lady Astor keep a milk-bar? Does he insist upon the Duchess of Atholl taking in washing, and Lady Diana Cooper becoming a domestic? Or, what does he mean? I don't know! Do you?

Mind you, I, myself, never feel quite so class-conscious as when, standing in the rain, waiting for a No. 22 bus, I am splashed by a Rolls-Royce heading for the Dorchester. I am quite prepared to sit down to every meal with my cook, if that would be any inducement for one to accept the situation and she not be as bored with me as I should be with her. I am quite resigned to the total abolition of all Hereditary Titles if I could convince myself that my life would be happier as a consequence. I don't mind in the least if every member of the Upper Chamber lives in a Council house, providing that the result eases the hardness of my way. Nevertheless, I must confess that had I the right to eat my dinner in the private grounds of Arundel Castle, I should resent it if I found the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk making a day of it in my back-yard.

Oh, I would be all for the Total Abolition of Class if I could see it doing the least good or making the present difficulty of making ends meet less difficult. But if it merely means that I have to spend a goodly proportion of my life "downing" people whom I think are "up-ish," I should need an awfully long life in order independently to live. Even if I had the faintest conception of

how it should be done—which I haven't! Do I begin on Lord Birken-

head? Or do I begin on the M.B.E., who lives next door and is distinctly class-elated thereby? As a serving man, should I be entitled to charge into the Officers' Mess and invite the O.C. to share a private's invariable dinner of good-food-well-spoilt?

Indeed, I wish I knew exactly what the shrieking communist exactly meant by "class"? Do we level it to the criterion of the dustman or do we take an earl as the common denominator? Am I expected to hate everyone richer than myself (that would be easy!), or anybody living in a larger house (that would be difficult!), or anybody better educated, better dressed; anybody entitled to direct me, rather than obey (that would be easiest of all); and everybody going into the Ritz for lunch while I sought the nearest coffee-stall? I really don't know! The only thing I know is that I must hate somebody! Otherwise I am left with the conviction that all this "yattering" about the Abolition of Class is just a bit of effective tub-thumping propaganda—effective because it sinks into the minds of the unthinking like candle-grease into crêpe-de-chine.

Nevertheless, I really can't see how it could be made to work, or how much happier I should be if it did. I should still have to pay my rates and taxes, earn my living, strive to make my life "richer" by my own efforts, and, incidentally, catch the next bus to Holloway—if I could get on it! All very odd! But so many party-political war-cries turn out odd when put into practice, don't they?



Tweedie — Hoare
Capt. Vere Tweedie, The Gold Coast Regiment, younger son of Admiral Sir Hugh and Lady Tweedie, of Wrexhall House, Wrexhall, Somerset, married Miss Anne Temple Hoare, daughter of the late Capt. Reginald Hoare, 189, Sloane House, of 4, Bourne House, Sloane Street, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



Duckworth — Cortez

Capt. R. C. M. Duckworth, O.B.E., R.N., Deputy Chief of Staff of the British Pacific Fleet, younger son of the late Mrs. Duckworth, and Major A. C. Duckworth, of Frome, Somerset, married 2nd/O. Ruby Cortez, W.R.N.S., at Christ Church, South Yarra, Australia



Boissière — Hollis
Mr. A. J. V. de Boissière, of the Nigerian Customs and Excise, younger son of Lt.-Col. A. H. W. de Boissière (formerly of Trinidad), married Miss Prunella Hollis, younger daughter of Sir Claud Hollis, of Widdington, Essex, and of the late Lady Hollis, at Brompton Oratory

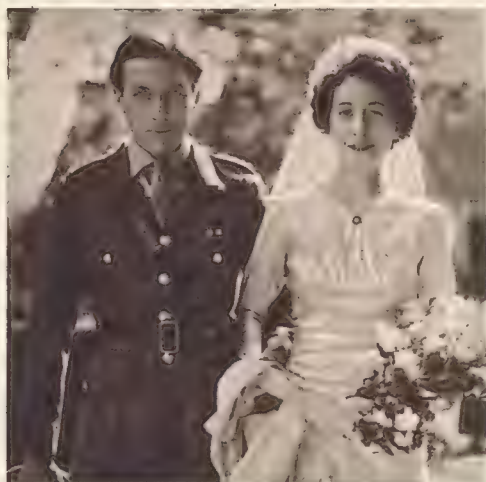
Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Kelly — Birley

F/O. Rodney J. Kelly, U.S.A.A.F., son of Major-Gen. J. J. Kelly, U.S. Army (retired), and of Mrs. Mary Kelly, of Vermont, U.S.A., married Miss April Hermione Birley, younger daughter of the late Lt.-Col. B. L. Birley, and of Mrs. Birley, of Kingsdown House, Swindon, in London



Ferguson — Paget

Capt. Robert Ferguson, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, son of Major and Mrs. Ferguson, of Red Roof, Brockenhurst, married Miss Eve Paget, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Paget, of The Old Rectory House, Iichen Abbas, Hants, at Iichen Abbas



Morley — Warre

Mr. Robin C. Morley, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Morley, of Alcombe Manor, Box, Wilts., married Miss Elizabeth Warre, W.R.N.S., daughter of Cdr. Philip Warre, R.N. (retired), and of Mrs. Warre, of Coppid Hall, Stifford, Essex, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Pelly — Tatham

F/Lt. Andrew Desmond Pelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Pelly, of Grouselands, Colgate, Horsham, married Miss Nancy Jean Tatham, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Eric Tatham, Kennerne, Haywards Heath, Sussex, at St. Wilfred's, Haywards Heath



Flood — Norris

Major G. R. Flood, The Parachute Regiment, elder son of the Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Flood, of Littlehampton, married Miss Jeanette M. L. Norris, W.R.N.S., younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. S. L. Norris, of Stonehouse, Glos., in Salisbury Cathedral



Palmer — Price Wylie

Capt. A. Noel Palmer, Warwickshire Yeomanry, elder son of Capt. A. L. and Mrs. Palmer, of Bower Hinton Farm, Martock, Somerset, married Mrs. Primrose Price Wylie, widow of Capt. W. J. Price Wylie, of Euston Rectory, Thetford, Norfolk, at Thetford

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 9)

"The Affairs of Susan"

BARONESS RAVENSDALE is the hard-working chairman of the première of *The Affairs of Susan*, to be held at the Plaza Theatre on July 12th in aid of the special appeal launched for the rebuilding and extension of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. This famous hospital is, of course, the birthplace of Penicillin—Sir Alexander Fleming's wonderful discovery which has already saved so many thousands of lives.

At her first committee meeting Lady Ravensdale spoke well as she always does, and Lord McGowan and Mr. Anthony de Rothschild both made excellent speeches, too. Other members of the committee and patrons present were Sir George Tilley, the hon. treasurer, who turned up in spite of a shocking cold; Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, looking cool on this very hot day in a printed dress with a large white hat; Mrs. Warren Pearl; Lady Hamond-Graeme; Lady Doverdale; Princess Wisziniewska, Mrs. Knight, Lady Hague, Lady Meyer, Mrs. Butterworth, Lady Middleton, Violet Lady Melchett, Miss Ethel Behrens, Lady Standing, Lady Waldie Griffiths, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash and the Dowager Countess of Jellicoe.

Charity Matinée

MONSIEUR AND MME. LEONTICH, the newly-arrived Yugoslav Ambassador and his wife, were present at the All-Star Matinée organised in aid of the Yugoslav Emergency Committee's Fund for Yugoslavia, and held at the Cambridge Theatre recently. This committee has already sent to Yugoslavia large supplies of clothing, medical stores, and also ten ambulances, and the matinée was organised especially to raise funds for further ambulances, which are urgently needed.

The programme was excellent, with Tommy Handley and Charles Shadwell in great form. The Divisionaires—the band of the 1st Air Division of the U.S. Army—played for the show, which ended with that popular pair Jack and Daphne Barker giving their usual polished performance. Amongst patrons of this matinée are Lady Ashfield, Mrs. A. V. Alexander, Viscount Astor, Lady Megan Lloyd George, Sir Henry Bunbury, Lady Franckenstein, Mrs. Hartman, Sir Walter and Lady Layton, the Marchioness of Ormonde and Professor Seton-Watson.

Off Duty

Two famous V.C.s enjoying a very brief spell "off" duty both had parties at the May Fair last week, and were given a tremendous reception. One of them, Lt.-Col. Charles Newman, who won the V.C. at St. Nazaire, brought a large party, which included Col. Newman's old friend, A/Cdre. Finley-Crear, Commandant of the Royal Observer Corps, and W/Cdr. R. Lee, the deputy Commandant of the R.O.C.

Col. Newman's sister, Flt./O. Molly Newman, W.A.A.F., was the hostess, and she was obviously very proud of her famous brother. Her other guests included Observer Capt. A. Robertson, Assistant Commandant R.O.C., Miss Dorothy Haywood, the Chief Women's Personnel Officer, R.O.C., and Flt./O. Gwen Baker, W.A.A.F.

Near by, looking bronzed and very fit, was G/Capt. Geoffrey Smith, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., who has recently returned from the Far East. With him were a number of old R.A.F. friends.



Christening at Leamington Spa

The infant son of Sir John and Lady Black, of Mallory Court, Leamington Spa, was christened Hugh John, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Linton, D.D., who is the father of Lady Black. Sitting: Air Marshal Sir Norman Bottomley, C.B., C.I.E., D.S.O., A.F.C., Lady Evans, Bishop Linton, Mrs. C. Millbourn, Admiral Sir Edward Evans, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. Standing: S/Ldr. C. Millbourn, Mr. C. Breeden, Mrs. J. R. Millbourn, G/Capt. J. R. Millbourn, Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. H. J. Mitchell, Lady Black, Col. F. S. Hanson, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., Sir John Black, Mr. Alec Dick

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

a saint—places this biography at a height to which few can aspire. Patience and fire, humour, tenderness and steely resolution were all present in this (physically) little man—"the Shrimp," to the onlooker at the York meeting of 1784.

The Wilberforce we are shown contradicts the theory that reforms are usually undertaken by restless people, born at odds with life. He had, on the contrary, every reason to take things as he found them. He was the happy son of a wealthy Hull business family; he entered politics young, and under circumstances that could not have been more auspicious; his wit, charm, attractive voice and gift of mimicry endeared him to the brilliant, rather hard-boiled London society of his young manhood. (Incidentally, how well the biographer captures that Wilberforce charm; and shows, through all the phases of his career, its potent, though wholly unconscious, exercise.) Then came the inner change. Wilberforce heard "the call." Religion, from then on, totally dominated him, changing his values, qualifying his friendships, giving one sole direction to all his aims. Glittering London saw him less and less; he moved into the orbit of the Evangelical Clapham Sect. One sign of his sainthood, or of his genius, is how well his more worldly friends continued to love him. Late eighteenth-century London was not foolish: it could detect the difference between a prig and a saint.

One relationship, throughout, remained fixed. Wilberforce's friendship with the younger Pitt, his contemporary, may have lost the early-morning quality of its young beginning; but it lasted, in essence, up to Pitt's death. It is this friendship, in and outside the House, that gives, in the sober and high sense, drama to the biography.

Ill-Starred Prince

"THE HORSE OF THE SUN," by L. F. Loveday Prior (John Murray; 9s. 6d.), is a fine novel, dealing with the lives of an Indian Prince, Raemall Surthawara, and his younger half-brother, Sangram. The atmosphere is intensive, and, for all its colouring, grim. We open with the birth of the long-awaited heir (Raemall) to the ageing Maharajah.

This was the bright half of the spring month of Phalgun, 1898: the moon stood high in the heavens, and her beaming light flooded over the dry, rocky peaks of the Aravalli and shone on the glassy lakes.

In the kingdom of Surthawara was a battlemented hill, and on the crag of that hill grew the castle of Ranthamber: throughout the castle of Ranthamber reigned an expectancy, and in the women's courts a birth was in progress.

The seers, consulting omens, shake their heads and murmur. And indeed, in the course of the story, we are to see their forebodings justified. For this young Prince, born on the eve of a new century, is to be the suffering battleground for new and old ideas. He is to play with enlightenment and be weakened by luxury; to seek manly prowess but be undermined by a childish, petulant vanity; to gain, but then to sacrifice, an ideal love; to lead his own men to battle in this war, but in the end to die miserably in a gaming-house behind the lines, while the guns of the new offensive thunder on the horizon.

Raemall, with his passions and weakness, his beauty and fire, his generosity and his betrayals, is a fitting hero for a poetic drama. Our great Elizabethans chose well when they dealt in "great personages" or in kings—for in the conflict created by almost absolute power the human range of feeling is most fully displayed.

Were the young Maharajah Raemall not more like Macbeth than Hamlet, one might say that his half-brother Sangram was his Horatio. Actually, Sangram, with his speculations, his curious detachment from life, his crises of conscience, is in himself, at times, a sort of an Indian Hamlet. Three older women—the three wives of his father—influence Raemall's youth.

The first Maharani, childless, becomes the Regent during the Prince's childhood: she is philosophic and sane. Raemall's own mother, the second, is a spoiled beauty, driven by the rigours of Hindu womanhood to a hysterical religiosity, but always able to play on Raemall's weaker nature. The third, Sitala, Sangram's mother, represents all that is spontaneous, tender and sweet in the femininity of his own race. Intrigue, however, soon shows its results in Sitala's banishment from the Court.

Raemall, having refused the proffered orthodox child-bride, is swept by genuine passion for the beautiful Tara Devi, wife of his own choice, from another State. But their marriage is childless. Again, when his favourite horse, "the horse of the sun," fails to win a race, Raemall's frustration finds its symbol, and climax—he is prevented by force from a cruel revenge.

Raemall's travels in Europe, his attendance at conferences, his assumption of full power as a native Prince, and his views (reactionary enough) as to the future of his country, all allow for an interesting, stimulating play of ideas, to which every British reader should give thought. I feel that Miss Prior must know her background well: certainly, she writes with authority. Apart from this, its vivid, picturesque beauty should attract you, as it did me, to *The Horse of the Sun*.

Uneasy Detective

"THE ROPE BEGAN TO HANG THE BUTCHER" (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.) is an excellent successor to C. W. Grafton's *The Rat Began to Gnaw the Rope*. Gilmore Henry, plump young Kentucky lawyer, finds himself, *malgré lui*, investigator in the case of the exceedingly fishy disappearance of a local business man. Characterisation, dialogue and atmosphere make this an aristocrat among detective stories. Certainly, C. W. Grafton is to be watched. It will not be too long, I hope, before the butcher begins to kill the ox.

A secret of the beaches

D DAY

Vehicles bogged in deep shingle sitting targets for the defenders. To obtain flotation, tyre pressures are dropped as low as 10-15 lbs. Wheels begin to pull through but the tyres revolve on their rims and valves tear out the vehicles are still sitting targets.

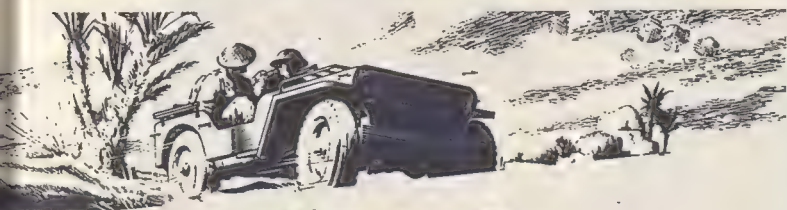
This was the alarming situation disclosed during invasion tests.

Yet, on D-day our fighting vehicles charged the beaches and treacherous shingle without bogging. The reason? The spring type bead-lock—a Firestone invention developed with Toledo Woodhead Springs Ltd., Sheffield—locked tyres to rims even at pressures as low as 10 lbs.

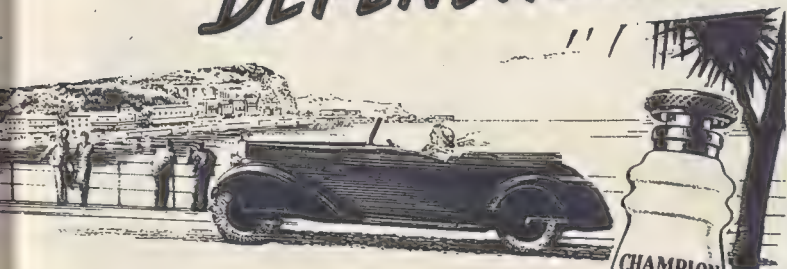
Adopted for all D-day transport, the spring type bead-lock—outcome of Firestone specialized knowledge—had conquered the beaches.

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TONIC FOR TIRED SUITS

by Jean Lorimer

The name of Robert Pringle, of Hawick, has long stood for good workmanship and excellence of design, and the beautiful blouses which they have been making since the outbreak of war live up to all the fine old traditions of the firm. Here are four of their latest designs: all are of moss crêpe and made in many soft pastel colourings. Prices range from 4 gns. to 4½ gns.



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Or youthful poets fancy when they love."
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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

"AND now, my friends," said the candidate, making a final effort to arouse some enthusiasm in a rather lukewarm audience, "what do we need in order to carry this constituency by the biggest majority in its history?" The reply came immediately.

"Another candidate!" cried a voice from the back.

"I DON'T mind a-comin' now and again to oblige yer," said the charwoman, in a very off hand way.

"That's very kind of you," was the reply. "But what I'm really looking for is daily condescension."

DEEP in darkest Africa where the Allies have built airports in recent years as emergency landing fields on the route from South America to the Middle East, an army lieutenant newly arrived from overseas made quick friends with an aged native.

Trying to give the Negro a lesson in basic English, the airman pointed to another native and said, "Man."

The African repeated after him, "Man."

Pleased, the American pointed to a tree and said, "Tree."

"Tree," the native echoed.

Then a plane flew overhead and the aviator said: "What?"

The native looked into the sky and said. "I'm not sure. It looks like a B-24, but it might be a B-29."



Capt. Robert G. Leffingwell, U.S. Army, who in private life is one of Walt Disney's leading artists, married Miss Joyce Audrey Harris, W.R.N.S., in the American Military Chapel, at Kandy, Ceylon. The bride was given away by Col. Irving Asher, who is the husband of the film star, Laura La Plante, while among the many guests at the wedding was Lt.-Gen. "Boy" Browning, Chief of Staff, S.E.A.C.

years since I saw you last. You look older, dear; in fact, I doubt if I would have known you but for your coat."

The Man says:—

"Hullo, old boy . . . Yes, yes; quite well, thanks . . . Yes, I'm a lucky man. I've got a wife and a cigarette lighter and they're both working."

TWO neighbours were waiting in a fish queue together.

"Your husband seems to do very well on the rations," said the first lady.

"Oh, that's middle-age spread!" answered the second.

"Really!" came the retort. "Do you have to give up points for it?"

THIS little "poem" comes from *Esquire*:

Some men smile in the evening,
Some men smile at dawn.
But the man worthwhile
Is the man who can smile
When all his front teeth are gone.

PRIVATE SMITH asked for weekend leave from a United States training camp on the grounds that his wife was "expecting." He got it.

The following week he made a similar excuse, and again got leave.

But when he asked for leave for the third weekend, the officer in charge remarked:—

"What is she expecting, anyway?"

"She's expecting me home again, sir."

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P.644A.



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LF214/A

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Jamal
the freedom wave

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Great Names

NEW facts were given me about the British industrial effort at the time of the Battle of Britain, when I visited the other day the Supermarine organization. It is widely dispersed; in fact if one drove round the roads which enclose the sixty-one different units one would have to travel about 185 miles. These units are in five main areas and I learned that this high degree of dispersal has advantages as well as disadvantages. Most people suppose that to get good production one must have one vast works covering an immense acreage, and all under one roof. And if production alone were the aim this is the correct answer. But in a quickly-developing thing like aviation one must also have flexibility, and there is no doubt that the vast self-contained, single works tends to become muscle-bound. It cannot change and introduce new types of aircraft without disruption and delay.

The Supermarine setup has shown a degree of flexibility which would never have been possible in a single concentrated works, and that is one reason why the Spitfire has been kept so well in the front of all fighters of the world. Mr. Joseph Smith, the chief designer, has been able to introduce new features and improvements more rapidly than he could have done had the works been concentrated.

Ingratitude

RIGHT at the beginning of the Battle of Britain Supermarine were virtually knocked out by two accurate and heavy German bombing raids. Lord Beaverbrook, who was then Minister for Aircraft Production, visited them the same evening and gave instructions for drastic action to be taken so that Spitfires would continue to come out and go to the squadrons. All kinds of buildings were requisitioned and Commander Sir James Bird, the general manager, was able to report that the company never delivered fewer than ten Spitfires in a week. This achievement is a measure of the success of those drastic emergency moves. It was therefore surprising to hear Sir Stafford Cripps on the radio claiming that private enterprise



W/C. Russell Bannock, and F/O Jonnie Caine, D.F.C., are two members of a Mosquito Intruder Squadron of Fighter Command. W/C. Bannock, who leads the squadron, comes from Ontario, and F/O Caine's home is in Alberta

can do nothing well. The output of aircraft for the Battle of Britain was the result of the efforts of private enterprise. It was the individual company which not only designed the aircraft which won that battle but which produced them before and during the battle. None of the Crippsian Government works had anything to do with it. They came much later when the urgency was past and the battle had been won.

Not being politically minded I have no rooted objection to government factories. If they could show that they were good I would accept them on equal terms with privately-owned factories. But past experience indicates that the government factory is slow, inefficient, incapable of keeping abreast of development and without originality or daring in policy or production. If Sir Stafford had given one instance of a government aircraft or aero-engine factory which had shown itself capable of competing on level terms with the factories of private enterprise he would have been more convincing. But anyhow, it was somewhat ungrateful to the companies which had served him so well when he was Minister for Aircraft Production that he should in effect tell them afterwards that they were all hopelessly inefficient.

Positive Approach

BOTH in aviation and in motoring this country will soon have to settle whether its approach is to be negative and restrictive or positive and constructive. There is at present a crippling confusion of thought. For instance, one hears on the one side that the motor car industry of Great Britain must be encouraged if we are ever to raise our standard of living. The motor industry is to provide some of the essential exports. Yet at the same time a heavy purchase tax is applied to motor cars. It has been pointed out that so long as the acquisition of cars is controlled by the "licence to acquire" there is no need for a restrictive tax, and that the purchase tax has an effect on second-hand prices. So long as the prices of new cars include purchase tax there must be a hardening of second-hand prices. Either the motor car industry must be given conditions in which it can expand and flourish or else it must be kept under. No political or other party has suggested keeping it under; yet that is the effect of this tax.

It is much the same with aviation. The personal aircraft is a type of machine which British constructors have shown themselves specially well able to build. People from all over the world used to buy British light aeroplanes. But so far there has been no hint of official encouragement for private flying. There have only been hints of restrictions. The first need, as I have already pointed out, is for the provision of many airstrips. A positive policy is needed to get these airstrips into working order and to see that they are available to private flyers in sufficient numbers. The next thing is to simplify the whole business of learning to fly and of purchasing and running small machines. The restrictive attitude and the narrow mind which goes with it are dangerous to modern developments like flying, but they also hamper other activities such as motoring.

Gnats as Air Brakes

WHEN somebody first told me that the Kingcobra was slowed down when it flew through clouds of gnats I didn't believe it. But then I heard of the world Farnborough had been doing on this very subject and I was finally convinced. It seems that gnats when they squash on the wings of a high-speed laminar flow section do alter the boundary layer separation point and so affect the wings' qualities.



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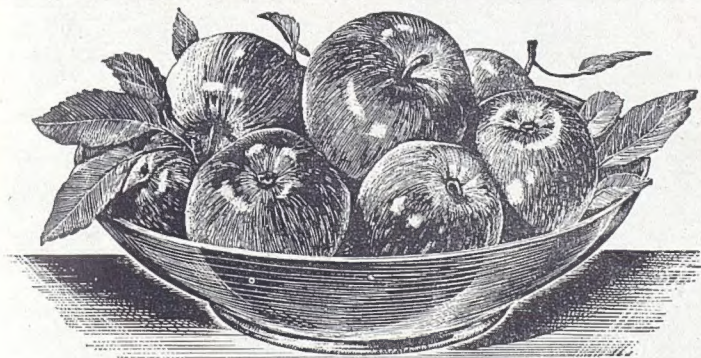
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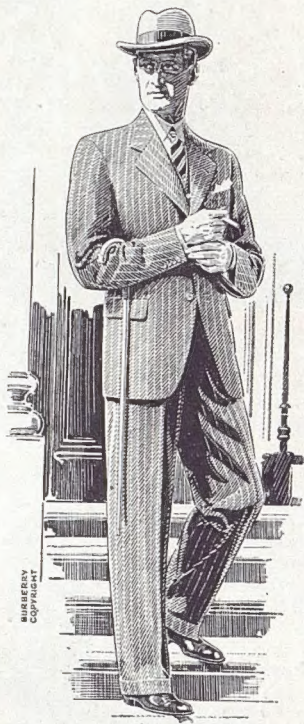
There are many causes of Sleeplessness, of which worry, over-tiredness and a run-down state of health are perhaps the most general. Sleeplessness invariably creates a vicious circle: it induces the worry and tiredness which make sound sleep more difficult as well as more necessary.

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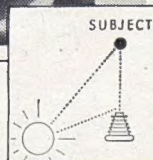
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